

Written for the Youth's Companion.

ORPHAN WILLIE,

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.—Chap. V.

Boston is a noble city. Though not so large as other American cities, it has the appearance of being the largest; for it is built upon three hills, and the houses rising one above another come into the view on approaching it, and strike the eye in a very imposing manner. The original name of the city, was Tremont—or Tri-mountain—a word taken from the form of the city, and which many persons think ought always to have been retained.

The public buildings, the common, the beautiful bay, studded with islands, stretching in the

distance, the large and commodious wharfs, reaching like long arms far out into the sea, the great cleanliness of the streets and look of comfort about the houses, all excite the admiration of strangers who visit it. But Boston is principally interesting from its historical associations: here is Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," and State Street, the scene of the Boston massacre, and the wharf, still standing, (now Liverpool wharf) where the tea was destroyed; and within sight are Charlestown, and Bunker hill, and Dorchester heights—all interesting localities in our national history.

As Willie wandered on through the crowded streets, he thought Boston must be the world; for all the people in the world seemed collected there. He stopped to read all the signs as he went along, and looked into all the shop-windows; and if any strange looking persons or vehicles passed him on the way, he stood and watched them till they were out of sight. Every body he met seemed to have something particular to do; and he thought it must be very important, for they hurried past without casting a glance at him, or apparently noticing any thing that was going on around them. He saw very few happy, pleasant looking faces; most of them were stern, severe, and forbidding in their expression; and some looked very unhappy and discontented. On several corners of the streets he noticed large bills pasted up; and "unrivalled attraction," "unprecedented exhibition," "for this night only," were printed in large letters on them; he wondered, if it was really so, why every body didn't stop and read about it, as he was doing. But every body passed on, and seemed to care as little for the "attractions," and the "exhibitions," as they did for him. Across the street was "the cheapest store in Boston;" and he expected to see crowds of people going in to make purchases; but he scarcely saw one. On the whole, a city seemed to him the strangest place in the world; every thing appeared inconsistent and unreal; and he thought it was not half so pleasant a place to live as the country, where people seemed to take an interest in you, to look at you, and perhaps bow when they passed, though they might not know you, and where they all looked kind and happy, and contented.

But all this time Willie had been unconsciously wandering out of his way; he had been so occupied with the new things that he saw, his own errand in coming to Boston was quite forgotten. He looked about, but did not know where he was. Going up to a kind looking old gentleman he saw near him, he told him he was a stranger in the city, had lost his way, and wanted to find a place called "Fort-hill." The gentleman told him he knew very well where it was, that he himself was walking that way, and if he would walk with him, he would take him there. On the way, he asked Willie several questions, and on ascertaining that he had never been in a city before, he took occasion to warn him in a kind way against all the temptations he would be subject to; and said that he must be more suspicious of people in the city, than in the country; for among so many people, there were many dishonest men; and that city life was much less favorable to virtue and honesty, than the secluded life of the country.

While they were thus conversing, they came to "Fort-hill;" and the old gentleman asked him, whose house he wanted to find. "Mr. Herbert's," said Willie. Herbert, replied the old gentleman, why my name is Herbert, and what is your name, my little lad? "William Wallace." "Upon my word, my little nephew Willie—welcome to Boston, my dear boy; I have been expecting you for a long time; your cousins will be delighted to see you. Here we are; walk in, walk in." And so the old gentleman opened his door, and Willie found himself immediately among his friends. [*To be continued.*]

NARRATIVE.

WINTER.

It was a clear, cold day in January. The sun, which seemed that day to cast towards us but a hasty, sideways glance, had almost sunk to his western home. The village schools were all dismissed; and the merry feet and noisy tongues of many little ones were echoing through the streets,—when Charles Everett entered the door of his mother's parlor, and came skipping towards the fire, clapping his hands and rubbing his ears for the cold. "Well, my son," said Mrs. Everett, "now you have finished your day's work, you may hang up your cap and coat, and stay in my warm room till bed-time." "O, mother," answered Charles, "I do not feel cold when I am out on my little sled, and if you are willing I should like to go out again when I have warmed my fingers."

Mrs. Everett had not time to answer Charles, when he and his two sisters and brother younger than himself, were attracted by the sound of sleigh bells coming very near the windows. They climbed into the chairs in an instant, and all cried out as if they spoke with one voice, "O it is uncle John. He has come down here with his beautiful new horse and sleigh." "Uncle John," who was Charles's Sabbath School teacher, and a great favorite with all the children because he loved them so much, was soon in the room, with little Alfred in his arms, and the other three dancing around him. "Well, mother, said he, addressing Mrs. Everett, "what

say for giving these little folks a sleigh ride?" "Is it not very cold out," inquired Mrs. Everett. "Yes, very cold. One of the coldest days we have had this winter, but we need not mind that. We shall not be out long. Let the children be wrapped up nicely, and I guess they will hardly know what the weather is." Although it was almost time for the youngest children to go to their little bed, their mother consented that they should take a short ride with their uncle, who she knew would take good care of them.

The children were so delighted, and so eager to start, that it was difficult to keep them quiet enough to put on their things; but in a few minutes they were all in the sleigh. Alfred in uncle John's lap, the two girls sitting on each side of him, and Charles seated on a cricket in front. Away they went, through the streets and lanes of the village, gliding smoothly along by houses, and shops, and stores, while the joyous prattle of the children, mixed up with the merry music of the bells. After they had rode in various directions, and had been out about fifteen minutes, their uncle stopped at his own house, and took them into a warm room. Here he began to take off all their outer garments and lay them away. Charles looked up to him with surprise, and said "mother did not say we might stop." "I'll settle with mother," said the uncle. "We must have a good game at blind man's buff before you go home"—so saying he tied his silk handkerchief over his eyes, and began to scramble round to catch the children, while they ran and shouted, and jumped and laughed in the highest glee. Even the oldest little boy, who was so careful not to disobey his mother, forgot how the time was passing, and perhaps he might have played an hour without once thinking of home—but "Uncle John" knew how to manage the whole affair. When they had played about ten minutes, he put on all the cloaks, comforters, mittens and hoods, as nicely as their mother had done, and very soon the noisy little party was at home telling their parents the story of their ride, and the fine fun they had with their uncle at his house.

They said nothing about the cold, and I suppose they had not thought of it. Indeed, the cold weather instead of making them uncomfortable, was one thing that made them so full of joy and activity, for the cold makes us healthy, so that we do not feel as if we must sit and rest, or lie down to sleep in the middle of the day, as we sometimes do in the summer. True the cold might cause our death; and so might the heat under some circumstances, but our kind Father in heaven has given us everything which we need to guard us against the cold, and prevent it from doing us injury. Without the blessings of shelter, and fuel, and clothing, winter would be fearful indeed.

If the children had taken their ride of only fifteen minutes in their thin summer dresses, it would have given them pain instead of pleasure, and they would have come home with tears instead of smiles on their faces—but having so many good things provided by their heavenly Guardian, they enjoyed this and all other scenes of winter as well as those of other seasons.

Is it not the same with my young readers? Do you not find many winter pleasures that you can enjoy in the absence of the fruits and flowers of others seasons. Some of you love skating and sliding, others are fond of quiet fireside amusements. Although the days are short, the long evenings are so still and pleasant, that you find more time to read than in the warm season. This is a good time then to treasure up knowledge. A good time to think of God, and give your heart to him. Every season, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, show us the wisdom and goodness of our Creator. At this time of the year he causes the trees, shrubs and plants to rest. They have fallen into a kind of sleep which will refresh them, and cause them to come

forth with new beauty in the spring; and the ice and snow instead of injuring the withered plants, are doing them good by keeping them warm and moist. Every thing which God has made is ready to obey Him but man, wicked man; and we have within us hearts which do not choose to do his will. Examine your heart, dear reader, and see if you always love to obey your heavenly Father, and if you find you do not ask him in prayer for Jesus sake to give you a new heart, for you can never be happy in this world, or the next, if you do not delight to obey God.

[*Christian Watchman.*]

WISHING TO SEE A MIRACLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

One day in the Spring, Solomon, then a youth, sat under the palm trees, in the garden of the king, his father, with his eyes fixed on the ground, absorbed in thought. Nathan, his preceptor, went up to him, and said, "Why sittest thou thus musing under the palm trees?"

The youth raised his head, and answered, "Nathan, I am exceedingly desirous to behold a miracle." "A wish," said the prophet, with a smile, "which I entertained myself, in my juvenile years"—"and it was granted?" hastily asked the prince.

"A man of God," answered Nathan, "came to me, bringing in his hand a pomegranate seed. Observe, said he, what the seed will turn to. He thereupon made with his finger a hole in the earth; and put the seed into the hole and covered it. Scarcely had he drawn back his hand, when the earth parted, and I saw two small leaves shoot forth; but, no sooner had I perceived them, than the leaves separated, and from between them arose a round stem, covered with bark, and the stem became every moment higher and thicker.

The man of God thereupon said to me—"Behold!" And, while I observed, seven shoots issued from the stem, like the seven branches on the candlestick of the altar. I was astonished; but the man of God motioned to me, and commanded me to be silent and to attend.

"Behold," said he, "new creations will soon make their appearance." He thereupon brought water in the hollow of his hand from the stream which flowed past, and lo! all the branches were covered with green leaves, so that a cooling shade was thrown around us, together with a delicious odor.

"Whence," exclaimed I, "is this perfume and this refreshing shade?" "Seest thou not," said the man of God, "the scarlet blossoms, as shooting forth from among the green leaves, hanging down in clusters?" I was about to answer, when a gentle breeze agitated the leaves, and strewed

the blossoms around us, as the Autumn blast scatters the withered foliage. No sooner had the blossoms fallen, than the red pomegranates appeared suspended among the leaves, like the almonds on the staff of Aaron. The man of God then left me in profound amazement."

Nathan ceased speaking. "What is the name of the God-like man?" asked Solomon, hastily—"Doth he yet live?" "Where doth he dwell?" "Son of David," replied Nathan, "I have related to thee a vision."

When Solomon heard these words, he was troubled in his heart, and said, "How canst thou deceive me thus?" "I have not deceived thee, son of Jesse," rejoined Nathan. "Behold, in thy father's garden thou mayest see all that I have related to thee. Doth not the same thing take place with every pomegranate and with the other trees?" "Yes," said Solomon, "but imperceptibly and in a long time." Then Nathan answered—"Is it, therefore, the less a divine work, because it takes place silently and insensibly? Study nature and her operations—then wilt thou easily believe those of a higher power, and not long for miracles wrought by a human hand."



WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

On the restoration of the general peace, in the year 1814, the French possessions on the west coast of Africa, which had been taken by the British forces, were agreed to be given up. An expedition, consisting of a frigate and three other vessels, having on board nearly four hundred persons, men of science, artisans, agriculturists, &c. was accordingly despatched in June, 1816, to take possession of them. The naval part of the expedition was entrusted to an officer named Lachaumareys, who commanded the *Medusa*, of forty-four guns.

In consequence of the ignorance of the officers of the ship of the navigation of the coast, the *Medusa* unfortunately ran aground on the bank of Arguin, on the coast of Africa. After in vain trying every means of getting her off, and finding that all hope of saving the vessel was useless, they took measures to secure the safety of the crew and passengers. Finding that the boats did not afford sufficient accommodation for the whole, a raft was hastily constructed; but in the tumult of abandoning the wreck, it happened that the raft, which was destined to carry the greatest number of persons, had on board the smallest quantity of provisions.

When all was ready, the boats pushed off, towing the raft, those on board assuring the passengers on the raft that they would conduct them in safety to land. They had not proceeded above a couple of leagues, however, when, one after another, the boats cast off the tow-lines, and left the raft to its fate, each striving to make off with all possible speed.

By this time it was discovered that the raft was completely overloaded, and the articles of which it was composed becoming saturated with water, it sunk below the surface, so as to immerse every person on board nearly up to the middle in water. Finding themselves thus

abandoned, and threatened every instant with being swallowed up in the deep, the most horrible ideas took possession of their imaginations: they gave themselves up to despair. With some difficulty, the officers who were on board succeeded in restoring their men to a certain degree of tranquillity. Their own confidence had well nigh given way when they found that they were in the middle of the ocean, without chart or compass on the raft. It was discovered that one of the men had preserved a pocket-compass, but in their anxiety to secure this invaluable little instrument, it fell from the hands of the person who held it, and disappeared between the openings of the raft.

As night came on, the breeze freshened and the sea began to swell. By midnight the weather had become very stormy, the waves breaking over them in every direction. During the whole night, the unhappy wretches struggled against death, holding firmly by the spars to prevent themselves from being swept away, tossed by the waves from one end to the other, sometimes precipitated into the sea, floating between life and death; "mourning over our misfortunes," says one of the survivors, "certain of perishing, yet contending for the remains of existence with that cruel element which threatened to swallow us up. Such was our situation till break of day—horrible situation! How shall we convey an idea of it which will not fall far short of the reality?"

In the morning the wind abated and the sea subsided a little, but the day light displayed a scene scarcely less appalling than the storm of the night. Ten or twelve of the unhappy men had their limbs jammed between the spars of the raft, and exhausted by fatigue and hunger, and unable to extricate themselves, had perished in this situation. Several had been swept away altogether, so that when they came to count their number, it was found that twenty had disappeared.

The day turned out beautiful, and they flattered themselves with the hope that in the course of it some of the boats would come to their rescue. Evening approached, however, and none was to be seen. As the night advanced, the storm again rose; the waves broke over them, many were swept away, and the crowding to the centre of the raft became so oppressive, that several were crushed to death. Firmly persuaded that they were on the point of being swallowed up by the sea, the soldiers and sailors, abandoning themselves to despair, resolved to soothe their last moments by drinking to intoxication. They bored a hole in the head of a large cask, and continued to suck till the salt water, mixing with the wine, rendered it no longer palatable. Excited by the wine acting on empty stomachs and on bodies weakened by hunger and fatigue, they now became deaf to the voice of reason, and openly declared their intention to murder their officers and to cut the ropes which bound the raft together. One wretch, indeed, seizing an axe, actually began the dreadful work. The officers rushed forward, and their interference was a signal for a general revolt. The mutineers, for the most part, were fortunately badly

armed, and the sabres and bayonets of the opposite party kept them at bay. One fellow was secretly cutting the ropes, which bound their frail raft together. He was instantly flung into the sea. Others cut the ropes which supported the mast, and it fell on one of the officers and broke his thigh. He was instantly seized by the mutineers and thrown overboard, but was saved by his friends. Finding that it was necessary to make a desperate effort to put an end to the mutiny, the officers rushed forward, and many of the mutineers fell. By-and-by, the effects of the wine which they had drank wore off, and they sank into calmness and servility, crying out for mercy, and begging forgiveness on their knees.

It was now midnight, and tranquillity appeared once more to be restored; but scarcely an hour had elapsed when the mutineers, as if once more seized with sudden frenzy, rushed on the officers, tearing them with their teeth. A new scene of slaughter again took place, and the raft was once more strewn with dead bodies.

When day dawned, it was found that in the night of horror which had just elapsed, no fewer than sixty-five of the mutineers had perished, as well as two of the other party. The scanty stock of provisions which they at first possessed, was now exhausted. A single cask of wine only remained. They began to experience the most violent cravings of hunger, and in the extremity of their distress were forced to devour the dead bodies of their unfortunate companions. Some, who, even in the extremity to which they were reduced, revolted from this horrible repast, tried to stay the pangs of hunger by gnawing their sword-belts, cartridge-boxes, &c. but from them they found little relief.

A third night of horror approached. Fortunately the weather was now calm, and they were disturbed only by the piercing cries of those who were hourly falling victims to hunger and thirst. The morning's sun showed the survivors the lifeless bodies of ten or a dozen more of their unfortunate companions, who had died during the night. They were all committed to the deep except one, who was kept to satisfy the cravings of his unhappy comrades. A shoal of flying fish, in passing the raft, left a great number entangled between the spars. This afforded them a momentary relief from the shocking repast to which they had of late been accustomed.

The fourth night was marked by another revolt. It was, however, soon quelled; two lives only being lost in the scuffle. Their number was now reduced to thirty; and it was calculated that the wine and fish which remained would be just enough to last four days; but in these four days they also calculated that ships might arrive from St. Louis to save them. Soon after this intimation was made, two soldiers were discovered behind the cask of wine, through which they had bored a hole for the purpose of drinking it. It having been determined that the punishment of death should be inflicted on any one who should be guilty of such a crime, they were immediately tossed into the sea.

Their number was thus reduced to twenty-eight; and, as nearly one half of them were so

worn out and emaciated, that it was in vain to expect their surviving till assistance could arrive, (but, as long as they did live, they consumed part of the scanty stock of provisions,) a council was held, and after deliberation, it was decided to throw overboard the weak and the sickly. This shocking resolution was immediately carried into effect.

At length the raft was discovered by a small brig, which had been sent out in search of it. Of the 150 who embarked, fifteen only were received on board the brig; and of these, six died shortly after their arrival at St. Louis.

[Tales of Shipwreck, sold by Tappan & Dennet.]

STORIES ABOUT HORSES.

THE following anecdotes of the remarkable sagacity of Horses, contain both instruction and amusement for my youthful readers. They are told by a writer in the Knickerbocker, a monthly Magazine :

“Of a two-horse team, belonging to the Earl of ———, near Oxford, one was very vicious, the other quite the reverse. In the stall next to the gentle horse, stood one that was blind. In the morning, when the horses, about twenty of them, were turned out to pasture, this good tempered creature constantly took his blind friend under his protection. When he strayed from his companions, his kind friend would run neighing after, and smell round him, and when recognized, would walk side by side, until the blind friend was led to the grass in the field. This horse was so exceedingly gentle that he had incurred the character of being a coward, when only himself was concerned—but if any of them made an attack upon his blind friend, he would fly to the rescue with such fury that not a horse in the field could stand against him. This singular instance of sagacity, I had almost said of disinterested humanity, may well put the whole fraternity of horse jockeys to the blush. They, to be sure, will fight for a brother jockey, whether he is right or wrong ; yet they expect him to fight for them on the first similar occasion ; but this kind-hearted animal could anticipate no such reciprocity.

“Some years ago, the servant of Thomas Walker, of Manchester, (England,) going to water the carriage horse at a stone trough which stood at one end of the Exchange, a dog that was accustomed to lie in the stall with one of them, followed the horses as usual. On the way he was attacked by a large mastiff, and was in danger of being killed. The dog's favorite horse, seeing the critical situation of his friend, suddenly broke loose from the servant, ran to the spot where the dogs were fighting, and with a violent kick threw the mastiff from the other dog into a cooper's cellar opposite ; and having thus rescued his friendly companion, returned quietly with him to drink at the fountain.

“God, speaking to Job, asks him, ‘Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted ; neither turneth he back from the

sword.’ Shortly after that mighty battle which closed the career of Bonaparte, and stayed his wholesale murders, at the disbanding of a part of the British army, the remains of a troop of horse belonging to the Scotch Greys, were brought to the hammer. The Captain being rich and a man of feeling, was loath to see these noble fellows turned into butcher, baker, or beer-house drags, after helping drive the French from Spain, and to turn the flank of the *Invincibles* at Waterloo. He therefore bought the whole lot, and turned them loose in one of his fine grass parks, to wear away their old days in peace. One warm summer evening, when it was just dark enough to render lightning visible, a vivid flash was instantly succeeded by a loud report of thunder. At this moment the horses were gazing leisurely, and apart from one another ; but seeing the blaze and hearing the report, they thought a battle had begun. In a minute they were in the centre of the field, all drawn up in line, their beautiful ears quivering with anxiety, like the leaf of a poplar trembling in the breeze, listening for the word of the rider to lead them to the charge. My informant, who was an eye-witness of this wonderful scene, told me he had often seen these horses. Many of them bore honorable scars on their faces, necks, and shoulders, but none on the rump. A Scotch grey never ‘turns tail.’

“Some few years ago a baker in London purchased an old horse at public sale. He placed on his side a pair of panniers, or large baskets, suspended by a strong leathern strap across the back, where he himself sat, while his feet rested on a block of wood attached to the side. Thus accoutred, he sallied forth to supply his customers with hot rolls, &c. One day he happened to be passing the gate of Hyde Park at the moment the trumpet was sounding for the regiment of Life-guards to fall in. No sooner had the sound assailed the animal's ears, than he dashed like lightning through the Park with the baker on his back, into the midst of the squadron. The poor man, confounded at being placed in military line in front of the Life-guards, began to whip, kick, spur, and swear ; but all to no purpose. His old charger was so aroused at the sound of the trumpet, that to move him from his station was impossible. The soldiers were exceedingly amused at the grotesque appearance of the baker and the deportment of his steed, and were expressing their surprise at the apparition, when an old comrade recognized the animal, and informed the corps that the horse once belonged to the regiment, but had been sold on account of some infirmity, a few years before. Several of the officers kindly greeted their old companion, and the colonel, delighted at the circumstance, gave the signal to advance in line—when the baker, finding all resistance useless, calmly resigned himself to his situation. The trumpet then sounded the charge, and the rider was instantly carried, between his two panniers, with the rapidity of the wind, to a great distance. Various evolutions were then performed, in which the animal displayed sundry equestrian feats. At length the sound of retreat was proclaimed ; when off went the sagacious creature with his rider. After having performed his duty in the field, he was content to resign himself to the guidance of the bridle in a more humble walk of life.”

THE NURSERY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY GARAFILLA.

It was on one dark, stormy night in August, when Mrs. Gordon and her two children, *Gertrude* and *Ferdinand*, were seated around the cheerful fireside awaiting their father's return. Every thing around was still, save the patting of the rain that was pouring in torrents against the windows, together with the melancholy whistling of the wind. Gertrude her eldest, a lovely girl of ten years, was seated in one corner of the fire-side deeply absorbed in reading. She was a remarkable bright child, and was always amongst the first, for perfect lessons at school. "O mother," said Ferdinand, after a long silence, "Why don't father come home?" "I don't know my dear," answered her mother, as she drew a long sigh, "perhaps he has had some extra business to perform." "Mother," said Gertrude, as she laid her book aside, "Shall I open the door, and try if I can hear father coming?" "Yes dear, but throw this shawl over you." Gertrude obeyed her mother; opened the door, and stood a few moments on the portico. She looked, but looked in vain; she listened, but heard no sound, save the whistling of wind. "Oh dear!" said she, as she entered the room, and seated herself next to her mother; "I fear father will not be at home for some time." Again, all was still: Suddenly, a piercing cry started them. Mrs. Gordon, who was always remarkable for her presence of mind, desired her children to be quiet, and she would ascertain the cause of it: Again, another cry broke upon their ear, as of some one in distress. "Perhaps some child has lost his way," said Mrs. Gordon. "I will go to the door and listen." "Oh! *don't* leave us," said Ferdinand, "I'm afraid." "Never fear," said Gertrude, as she threw her arms

lovingly around his neck; mother will be right back." "But I wish she would come now," said Ferdinand, already impatient. "There she is," said his sister, drawing her mother's chair nearer to Ferdinand's. "I cannot hear any thing," said Mrs. Gordon, closing the door, and reseating herself. A few moments after, Mr. Gordon entered with a beautiful little boy in his arms, both completely drenched in the rain. "What has kept you so late, my dear," said Mrs. Gordon, approaching her husband, "and what is this?" as she took the child from his arms, and seated herself by the fire. "Dress it in dry clothes," said he, "and I will tell you about it, after I am more comfortable." "Oh! let me have it," said Ferdinand, as he untied the little boy's cap: "Is he ours, and my brother too, and—shan't I bring some dry clothes for him,—won't he take cold?" said Gertrude, her hand on the latch already ready for the errand. "Stop, my love, and let mother answer one question first. You *may* get some dry clothes, Gertrude, and in the mean time, you Ferdinand, must not forget your father; but place his chair and slippers by the fire." They both readily obeyed their mother, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction, of seeing the little boy quietly asleep in the cradle. "Look there! my children, said their father, as he pointed to the clock; I think you had better go to bed, for remember, "that early to bed, and early to rise, make a man *healthy, wealthy, and wise.*"

"Yes, children, you have both sat up later than usual to-night,—kiss your father, then I must put you to bed." "Yes," said Ferdinand, "but let me kiss brother too," as he rudely pushed the cradle, and almost awoke the child. "My dear," said Mr. Gordon to his wife, as she again re-seated herself, "I suppose you want to know where I found the little stranger. As I was coming home, by Mrs. Smith's, I heard a groan, as if proceeding from her house. I entered the room, and found her near dying. On recognizing me, she feebly said, "Will you promise to take care of little Galen, when I am gone? he is my nephew, I am his only relative living; and the poor boy will soon be left all alone; will you take him?" & she pointed me to the crib on which the child was lying. I could not refuse that good woman's *dying* request. So I told her I would, and the grateful smile she gave me, was for me a sufficient reward. I took the child in my arms, brought him home, and left her with a good nurse."

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon agreed that night to adopt the child as their own. I need only to add, that little Galen was the favorite of all. Ferdinand was delighted beyond measure, and gave him the title of "*little brother.*" As soon as Galen was old enough, he was permitted to share the same privileges as the other children.

THE NURSERY.

THE AFFECTIONATE SISTER.

A TRUE STORY.

Mary loved her little sister Ellen very much, but Ellen was so fretful and ill-natured, that she could seldom, by any means keep her quiet. Sometimes, when she was trying to please her, the little girl would grow suddenly angry, and lie down upon the floor, and thump her head against the hard boards till Mary was afraid she would burst it open. Mary did not get offended, but she would take her up, and carry her as fast as she could and lay her on a bed, where she could not injure herself; but as Ellen kicked and struck her, and struggled so that she could hardly hold her, she used to wish she was a good natured little girl.

When Mary was eight years old, it pleased God to give her another sister. The little stranger was welcomed with great joy by all the children, and was named Elizabeth. While Elizabeth was yet a very small babe, Mary was allowed to tend her, for she was careful to obey her mother's directions, and hold her little head with one hand, while the other clasped her closely, to prevent her from falling; for Mrs. Richmond said the babe was a tender little thing, and must be handled very gently.

At first Elizabeth noticed only a light, or the fire when she was turned toward them, but before many weeks she began to smile when Mary talked to her, and Mary was quite sure she observed any bright thing she held before her eyes. A few months more and Elizabeth learned to hold playthings, and when Mary went to her, and said, "Come, Sissy," the little thing would hold out her hands and almost spring out of her mother's arms to go to her. When Elizabeth was six or seven months old she learned to sit alone. She was a very gentle and lovely babe, and Mary would have liked to tend her all the time, but Mrs. Richmond thought the babe was quite as healthy, and as happy too, to sit on the floor a part of the time, as she would be if some one's time was taken to hold her constantly; and as there were so many little ones to be clothed and fed, it was necessary that every one who was able, should assist in the labor.

But when the work was done, and play time came, then Mary could play with her sweet sister as much as she chose; and after the weather became warm, she often said, "Mother, when I have finished my work, may I take the baby and go where I please?"

Her mother generally said "Yes," for she knew her to be so careful, and so very fond of the little Elizabeth, that she was not afraid to trust her alone with her. Mary loved the fields and the flowers, and the little animals that God has made to be happy, and she used to carry Elizabeth out to see the lambs and the chickens, and she loved dearly to see the little one laugh and clap her hands, as they ran about, or picked up their food.

When the Summer sun had dried the dampness from the ground, Mary used to take her little sister and go out into the fields, and finding a smooth place on the green sward, she would set her down, while she picked the bright flowers and brought her, and there set down by her and watch her as she picked them to pieces. When the raspberries, strawberries, blackberries and whortleberries became ripe, Mary used to take a basket in her hand, and Elizabeth in her arms, and go to gather them for her mother. She would set the babe down on the ground, and gather berries till she grew uneasy, then find a safe place for her basket, and carry her about. Sometimes she found a nest of young birds, and she lifted Elizabeth up to look at them, and while she kept her at such a distance that she could not hurt herself or them, she laughed to see how eager she was to take them in her hands. When she was quiet, she would set her

again on the ground, with some berries in her lap, while she hastened to fill her basket.

Time passed away, and Elizabeth was soon old enough to call her sister's name, and run by her side from place to place. She continued to have a very amiable disposition, and Mary loved her the more as she grew older.

When Mary was eleven years old, her mother was taken sick, and was for some time unable to sit up, or take any care of her family. The little girl was very much alarmed, but she tried to do every thing in her power to fill her mother's place, not only by working, but by taking care of the younger ones.

Ellen and Elizabeth seemed to think no one could do any thing for them as well as Mary, and to cling to her as they used to do to their mother.

"Elizabeth," said Ellen, "Ma's sick, and Mary is afraid she will die, and then what shall we do for a mother? We must have Mary for Ma', mustn't we?"

"Yes, Mary be Ma', Mary be Ma'," said Elizabeth, hardly understanding what her sister said, and yet feeling that she loved Mary well enough to call her mother.

"But will she be Ma'?" said Ellen, "you go, Elizabeth, and say, 'Please give me a piece of bread & butter, Ma'?' and see if she will be Ma'."

Elizabeth did as Ellen wished, and Mary gave her bread and butter, for herself and her sister.

"There," said Ellen, as she took the bread and butter, "Mary will be Ma' if Ma' dies."

"Yes, Mary'll be Ma', Mary'll be Ma'," said Elizabeth, and they ran off to play contented, for they were little children, and did not know what it would be to lose a mother. Mrs. Richmond recovered, and Mary was delighted when she was again able to sit up, and walk about the house.

When Mary was thirteen, her mother, who often wove cloth for sale, told her that if she would finish a piece that was then in the loom, she might go with her father, when he carried it to sell, and spend the money paid for that which she wove, as she chose. Mary took a great deal of pains to weave nice, and succeeded remarkably well. When she arrived at the store, she saw some nice red shoes, just large enough for Elizabeth. "Oh," thought she, "if Elizabeth had those shoes she might go with me to meeting, as well as Ellen," and she desired her father to take them for her. She next saw some calico, which she thought would be pretty for aprons, she thought Elizabeth needed an apron, and she bought some of that too. After making these purchases she had but little money left, but she spent part of that in buying something for Ellen, and after purchasing some small articles for herself, returned home well satisfied.

My reader, if you think it was very lovely in Mary to be so affectionate and disinterested, will you try to be like her!--*Christian Watchman.*

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS SON.

The following account of a remarkable instance of heroism and filial affection, as related by Napoleon himself, is taken from *Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

I HAVE already mentioned the Emperor's talent in story-telling. When describing a naval action, his powerful words, like those of Homer, would set the waves of the sea in motion, make the cannon roar, and represent to your fancy the groans of the wounded. He would place you on board of a line-of-battle ship, whose decks, covered with dead bodies and streaming with human blood, began to creak from the action of a horrible fire which was consuming the vessel, and whose thousand forked and glaring tongues darted through the open port-holes, and ascended like curling snakes the rigging and yards. This ship, which a few hours before rode sovereign of the bay of Aboukir, and contained more than five hundred human beings, full of life, and health, and energy, was now deserted; for all who had escaped the hostile ball and dreaded splinter, had sought their safety by jump-

ing into the sea and swimming to the shore. . . . One man alone remained unhurt upon the deck, and with his arms crossed upon his broad chest, and his face covered with blood and smoke, stood contemplating, with an eye of deep sorrow, another individual who still breathed, but who was seated at the foot of the mainmast, with both his legs shattered, and the blood streaming from the numerous wounds he had received. He was sinking into eternity without uttering a single complaint; on the contrary, he thanked his Creator for withdrawing him from the world. His eyes were raised to behold once more the flag of republican France waving over his head. A few paces from the dying man, stood a youth about fourteen, dressed in plain clothes, with dirk by his side, and a brace of pistols in his belt. He looked at the wounded man with a countenance expressive of the most profound grief, combined, however, with resignation, which indicated that he also was fast approaching the term of life. The ship was the *Orient*,* the dying man was Casabianca, captain of the flag-ship of the Egyptian expedition, and the youth was the captain's son.

"Take this boy," said the captain to the boatswain's mate, who had remained with him, "and save your lives—you have still time; and let me die alone—my race is run."

"Approach me not," said the boy to the sturdy seaman; "save thyself. As for me, my place is here, and I shall not leave my father."

"My son," said the dying officer, casting upon the boy a look of the tenderest affection, "my dear boy, I command you to go."

At this moment a dreadful crash shook the timbers of the ship, and the flames burst forth on all sides. A frightful explosion already told the fate of one of the victims of this dreadful day—and the same fate awaited the *Orient*. Already had the planks of the deck begun to kindle; the boatswain's mate was for an instant appalled, and cast a glance of longing toward the shore, from which the ship was only about two hundred toises distant. "For," said the Emperor, "Admiral Brueis, the wretched man, fought pent-up in a bay!" But this feeling, so natural to a man desirous of preserving his life, lasted only an instant; and the boatswain's mate resumed his careless air, after another attempt, on the captain making a sign to him, to seize the youth. But the latter, taking one of his pistols, and cocking it, threatened to shoot him if he did not desist.

"It is my duty to remain, and I will remain," he said. "Go thou thy way, and may heaven help thee! Thou hast no time to lose."

Another crash, which seemed to issue from the hold like a deep groan, made the boatswain's mate again start. He cast a look of horror toward the powder room, which the flames were now about to reach, and in a few seconds perhaps it would be too late. The stripling understood the feelings which that look conveyed, and lying down by his father's side, took the latter in his arms.

"Go now," said he—"and you, my father, bless your son."

These were the last words the sailor heard. Springing into the water, he swam rapidly toward the shore, but scarcely was he ten fathoms from the ship ere it blew up with a dreadful explosion.

"He was received by the people on the coast,"

* Burnt at the Battle of Aboukir.

said the Emperor in conclusion, "and came to me at headquarters: and it was he who told us of the heroism of young Casabianca. 'What should I do in the world?' said the latter to his father, who again urged him to go on shore; 'you are going to die, and the *French navy has this day dishonored itself!*'"

"This was a noble boy," the Emperor added; "and his death is the more to be regretted, that he would have gone further perhaps than Duguay-Trouin and Duquesne—and I am proud when I consider that he was a member of my own family!"

The following beautiful poem on Casabianca, is from the pen of the lamented Mrs. Hemans:

THE boy stood on the burning deck

Whence all but he had fled;

The flame that lit the battle's wreck,

Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,

As born to rule the storm;

A creature of heroic blood,

A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go

Without his Father's word;

That Father, faint in death below,

His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud—"Say, Father, say

If yet my task is done?"

He knew not that the chieftain lay

Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,

"If I may yet be gone!"

And but the booming shots replied,

And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,

And in his waving hair,

And look'd from that lone post of death,

In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,

"My Father! must I stay?"

While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,

The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,

They caught the flag on high,

And stream'd above the gallant child,

Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—

The boy—oh! where was he?

Ask of the winds that far around

With fragments strew'd the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,

That well had borne their part—

But the noblest thing which perish'd there

Was that young faithful heart!

THE NURSERY.

THE CIRCUS.

Alfred and Silas Brown were brothers, and went to the same school. When they were coming home one day, they saw a man with a large parcel of papers under his arm, and in his hand he carried a pot of paste and a brush. The man stopped by a high fence, and put down the pot of paste and spread out his papers, just as the boys came near him. They stopped to look at these papers, and saw that there were a great many as large as a newspaper; but they were covered by bright red pictures, and all these pictures were men and horses. Some of the horses were running. Some seemed as if they were almost flying, for none of their feet were made to look as if they touched the ground; and the men were not riding as we are used to see them, but were standing on the horses. Some were standing on one foot, and some were driving two horses, and had one foot on each of them.

Alfred and Silas did not know what to make of these fine looking pictures. So Alfred, who was the oldest, said to the man, "Will you please to tell me, sir, what this picture is about?"

By this time the man had put some paste on one of the sheets of paper, and was pasting it to the high fence where he had stopped.

"O yes, my little man," said he, "to be sure I will tell you. We are going to have a fine show here in a few days. We shall have a great many horses, that will do almost any thing they are told to do, and fine music, and many other pretty sights. Here," said he, "take one of these papers, and show it to all your schoolmates, and tell them to save their money and come to the show. I cannot stop to talk to you about it now, but I belong to the circus,—for that is the name of the show,—and when you come there, I will tell you all you want to know about it."

"O thank you, sir," said Alfred, taking the paper, "I will ask my father to let me come;" and taking Silas by the hand, he started to go home.

"Stop, my little lad, said the man. "If you think your father will not let you come, you had better not say any thing to him about it; but you and little bub," for so he called his brother Silas, "can come after school, and be sure to bring your money, and I will show you something worth seeing. And see that you show the paper

to your schoolmates."

This was a wicked man. It is as wicked to persuade others to do wrong as to do it ourselves.

Off ran the little boys, and Alfred ran so fast that he almost pulled Silas down, for his little legs were so short, he could scarcely keep up with him; so when they got home they were almost out of breath.

"O mother," said Alfred, "such a kind man! and he says if I will come there, he will show me all the fine things."

"Not so fast, my son," said his mother. "Stop and rest, and then begin slowly, and I shall know what you are talking about."

"Where is the picture, Silas? Then look here, mother, see these fine horses."

"I should think that man would fall down and hurt himself," said little Silas, pointing to a man in the picture, who was standing with only one foot on a horse who was running very fast.

Just at this time the door opened, and Mr. Brown came in. Both the boys ran to him.

"May we go, father, to the show?" said Alfred. "Come look at the horses; they know how to do every thing."

When Mr. Brown saw the picture, and heard his little boys talk about going to the show, at first he felt sorry that they had heard any thing about it; but afterwards he thought this was a good time to tell them what he thought of the circus. He knew that, as they should grow older, they would hear more about it; and if they did not know what kind of places they are where such amusements are found, they might desire to go and see for themselves. So their father spread the picture on a table, and told the little boys to bring chairs and sit down by him, and he would tell them something about the circus.

He said, "I know little boys are very fond of horses, and it is very wonderful to see how much they can be taught. But whenever I think about it, I feel very sorry for the poor animals; for they have to be whipped very hard and treated very cruelly, before they can be taught all these things. This is not the only reason, however, why I am unwilling that you should go to the circus. The men who belong to it are generally idle and worthless people, who go about from place to place, and get their living by taking money of many persons who cannot afford to spend it so foolishly. Then there is a great deal of drinking and gambling about a circus; and I always think it a very sad thing for a village when the circus comes into it.

"Besides all this, it makes all the boys who see it want to do just as the men do; and some of them get so fond of seeing such shows, that as soon as they get a chance, they join themselves to a circus, and then there is no hope of their making useful men.

"When I was a little boy, there was such a show came to the place where I lived. My father talked to me as I have talked to you, and of course I did not go; but many of my school mates went. After the circus had left, the boys tried to do as the circus men did; and one little boy tried to ride a horse while standing on his back. The old horse, who would have carried the little boy very safely if he had rode him the usual way, did not know what to make of this new fashion of riding; for he had been brought up to good habits, and had never been in a circus. Soon he began to trot, and moved about so much, that the little boy, who did not know how to keep steady, fell off and broke his arm. He suffered a great deal of pain, and never tried to ride like the circus men again.

"So, my little boys," said Mr. Brown, "I shall not take you to the circus; but in a short time there is to be a show of wild beasts, and then I will take you to see it, if we live."

"Thank you, thank you, father," said Alfred, "that will do a great deal better. Come, Silas, let us go and play."

THE NURSERY.

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN AND WINTER.

Janette ran out into the garden in chase of a yellow butterfly. It was a fine May morning, and she ran about till she was weary. When she came in she was delighted with the singing of the birds and the bright sunshine and the fragrance of new blown flowers. Her mother reminded her of her obligations to God for giving her senses to enjoy such pleasure, and then giving her such objects to gratify her senses. And to impress the lesson more deeply, she read to her, out of an English magazine for children, the following address to the seasons.

"Well, Spring! what have you got to say, with your fresh green leaves and grateful breezes? We are very glad to see you, and heartily bid you welcome; for you make the world a very pleasant place to live in. What have you to say, Spring? what have you to say?"

"It was not I, but God, who made the world so pleasant as it is. He formed the green leaves, and sent abroad the grateful breezes, and beautified the earth. All this he has done to make you happy; therefore you ought to love him, to obey him, to praise him, and to magnify his name forever."

"Well, Summer! what have you to say, with your fragrant flowers, your singing birds, your bees, and your butterflies? What should we do without you? If your sun did not shine on the earth, and light up the heavens, we should not be so well off as we are. What have you to say, Summer? what have you to say?"

"It is not my sun that shines on the earth, and lights up the heavens. I never yet made a fragrant flower, a singing bird, a bee, or a butterfly. God made them all, in his wisdom and goodness; therefore you ought to look up to him, and to love him, to obey him, to praise him, and to magnify his name forever."

"Well, Autumn! what have you to say, with your ripe clustering fruits and golden grain? Even the green leaves of spring and the fair flowers of summer would be of little value to us, if we had neither orchards nor corn-fields! We owe you much, Autumn! Do you not think so? What have you to say, Autumn? what have you to say?"

"Owe me much! you owe me nothing. There is not a ripe pear or apple on the trees; not a single yellow ear of corn in the wheat-field, but it is the gift of God. It is God alone who gives seed-time and harvest. He crowns the year with his goodness, his paths drop fatness. Ps. lxx. 11. To him, then, your thanksgiving should be offered. You ought to love him, to obey him, to praise him, and to magnify him forever."

"Well, Winter! we have come to you at last. What have you to say? If your sharp frosts did not destroy thousands of insects, and purify the

air, and if your fleecy snows did not protect the seeds, and render the ground more fruitful, we should be sadly off. Few things are more pleasant than a fine, dry, frosty morning; so we would not part with you, Winter, on any account. You have done much for us. What have you to say, Winter? what have you to say?"

"I have done nothing at all for you, therefore you need not thank me. If God had not sent the sharp frosty air, you would never have felt it. If God had not sent the flaky snow, you would never have seen it. If you feel grateful for the winter season or the summer, the spring season or the autumn, God alone deserves your thanks. You are bound to love him, and to magnify him forever!"

You see, then, that Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter declare God's goodness, and proclaim that "the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods." Ps. xcv. 3. And the Bible tells us, in addition, that though "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," Rom. iii. 23, yet is there a way of escape for us; for "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. i. 15. Thus have we before us continual proofs of God's mercy for time and eternity. If, then, we forget the Father of mercies, and our Saviour Jesus Christ, every green leaf of spring, every flower of summer, every fruit of autumn, every flake of snow in winter, and every part of the Bible are witnesses against us.

The leaves of spring, the blooming summer flower,

The fruit of autumn, and stern winter's snow,

Are proofs of heavenly wisdom, love and power,

That God has spread before mankind below.

O, let us read, then, in his holy word,

How Jesus Christ our sins and sorrows bore;

That we may know and magnify the Lord,

And love, and fear, and trust him, and adore.

[*Youth's Friend.*]

The Daughter.

A Daughter's Love.—Dear father, how I love to gaze upon thee. Time has silently bleached thy locks, but thou art still the same. Thy kind, benignant eye, thy lovely smile, thy noble mien and bearing, still bespeak thy perfect manhood. Oh, how am I enwrapped in thy pure honor—a stain upon thee would wither all the joys that now so gaily play around my young and blithesome heart. 'Tis true I've left my home to be another's through the joys and perils of a fleeting life; but I have not lost my love for thee. When thou didst step within my door, did I not clasp thy neck within my heart's embrace, and kiss thee then as warmly as when around thy knees I used to play at thy own hearth at home? My soul still doats upon my loved and loving father.

See here, these little buds fresh from life's great fountain. How they do wind their tender cords of love about our hearts—the vine and its branches. They, like me, do claim thee too. Indeed, I do recal what I have said before—for I do love thee more than when I quitted home—because of these dear pledges. They are *young grafts* upon the parent stock, and

must live or die beneath its shade. In time you will see how they will copy thee, and in your warm heart you will find for them a place just behind the spot, where thou wert wont to keep *my own young love*.

Every woman should know her own weak points, and employ all her reason and ingenuity to strengthen them. A sensible woman will subject the irregularities of her temper to the strong restraints of reason and religion; and her husband will admire her constant submission to the severe obligation of self-control.

NARRATIVE.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

"It snows! it snows!" exclaimed little Willy, as he came running in from school one day; what fine times we shall have now!" "Why, what will you do, Willy," said his mother, looking up from her work.

"O, we shall coast, and slide, and make snow-balls."

"All that is very fine to be sure," said his mother; "but how should you like to go to school to-morrow in a snow storm?"

"I should admire it. I shall put on my new mittens and tie my cap under my chin. You know, mother, I hav'nt had it tied down once this winter, because I wanted to be tough. Mother, when I was down to grandmother's the other day, she told me a story about you."

"About me!"

"Yes, mother; she said that once when you was a little girl about as large as I am, you started to come from school without your mittens, and your fingers achèd so with the cold that you couldn't help crying, and by and by the school-master came along and said, "What's the matter, little girl? why don't you put your mittens on?" and you looked up, with the tears freezing on your cheeks, and said, 'I want to be tough.' Do you remember that, mother?"

"O, yes!" said his mother, laughing, "I re-

member it very well, and I recollect, too, that I asked him whether if I cried, that would prevent my getting tough."

"And did he think it would, mother?"

"I don't know; he laughed, and said I had better put on my mittens, and try my experiment when it wasn't quite so cold."

"Well, mother," said Willy, "I mean to see if I can't go to school some cold day without my mittens, and not cry either."

His mother smiled at this brave resolution, but advised him to have his mittens in his pocket, in case his courage should not hold out.

The snow fell fast in beautiful large flakes, and Willy stood for some time at the window watching them as they came down, and lighted softly on every tree, and bush, and little twig. "O, how pretty it is!" he exclaimed at length.

"What is it!" said little Sarah, who had been playing with her doll on the floor. She jumped up, got her little cricket, and came to the window to see what Willy was looking at. She watched the snow flakes for a minute or two, and then, looking up in her brother's face, said, "Is it feathers, Willy?"

Willy laughed, and looked at his mother, as much as to say, "She don't know every thing, does she?"

That night Willy went to bed full of the idea of the grand times he should have to-morrow—for it was Saturday, and there would be no school. He lay awake a good while, thinking about the coasting and snowballing. He was so animated that after he fell asleep he kicked off the bed-clothes, and dreamed he was on a snow-bank. When his mother came to tuck him up, as she always did before she went to bed, he cried out in his sleep, "It's not fair to pelt when I am down!"

Alas, for Willy's bright visions! they *melted* away, as many bright visions have done before. In the course of the night the snow-storm turned to rain, and in the morning every flake had disappeared. Poor Willy was dreadfully disappointed, and I am sorry to say he was quite out of humor about it, and came into the breakfast room looking very cross indeed.

"What is the matter, Willy?" said his mother, for she missed his sunny smile in a moment.

"I say it's too bad, there!" exclaimed he, pouting.

"What is too bad, Willy?"

"Why, the snow is all gone!" said Willy, and he looked up as if he had a good mind to cry.

"I am very sorry for your disappointment," said his mother, "but never mind, Willy, we shall have plenty of snow storms before winter is over; so cheer up, my dear, and after breakfast I'll tell you an anecdote."

"An anecdote; what is that, mother?"

"It is a little bit of a story."

Willy's face brightened somewhat at the sound of a story, and he finished his breakfast with rather a better appetite than when it was begun.

As soon as breakfast and prayers were over, the children were gathered round their mother for the anecdote. "You have heard, children, of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, a very poor, and a good man. One day, when he was attending sheep a gentleman rode up, and said, 'Friend what do you think the weather will be to-morrow?'" "Why," said the old man, "it will be just such weather as pleases me." The gentleman was surprised that he should answer him so, and asked him what he meant. "I mean sir," said the old man, "that it will be just such weather as pleases God, and *whatever pleases God, pleases me.*"

"What a good man!" exclaimed Eugenia.

Willy never said a word, but looked as if he thought the story was meant for him.

[*Religious Herald.*]

THE BOY'S MONITORIAL SCHOOL.—There is a school so called in Boston, which had an exhibition at “the Temple,” (a beautiful building so named,) on the the thirty-first day of last December. Although the room of “the Temple” was quite large, such was the interest entertained for this exhibition that it was not large enough to hold the crowd of persons, who went to see the performances. One great charm of these exhibitions, is that the audience come to be pleased and amused rather than to sit as critics.

The teacher warned the audience at the onset that the prevalent colds had kept away some of his best speakers, and several were present who ought to have been at home. But still the, interest was kept up for three hours, and the lads and young gentlemen acquitted themselves well, every one of them. The speaking of some of the little boys was so natural, that it won the hearts of every one. The performance spoke well for the discipline of the school, the good fellowship of the pupils, and the talent of the instructor, for he has no assistant in teaching this “art of arts.” Several of the pieces spoken were original.

We were amused with a funny piece spoken by a droll little fellow with a bad cold.

THE FISHES' TOILET.

'Tis said, a gallant bark that bore

The cast off fashions of the day
From *la belle France* to this fair shore,

Was stranded on the way,
And all the stock of toilet ware,
To mend the coarse, or deck the fair,
To the bottom went, and every fish
That owned a whim, or felt a wish
To imitate the lords of air,
Rushed to the spot to get her share.

The *Lumpfish* seized a pair of *Stays*
And squeezed the blood into her face ;
The *Eel*, too lank on every side,
A *Bishop* to her back applied ;
The *Frog fish* thirst her flippers wet
Into a ruffled *Pantalette* ;
The *Flounder* and her cousin *Plaice*,
Put on a Frill of *Brussels-Lace* ;
The *Chub* while saying lie upon it,
Tried on a pretty *Cottage Bonnet* ;
The *Shark*, to enlarge his mighty maw,
Tied a large *Pocket* on before.
The *Carp* to rail at those who pass,
Hung round her neck a *Quizzing Glass* ;
The *Sculpins* on their thorny heads,
Tore ruffled *Night-caps* into shreds ;
The *Whiting* found of *Rouge* a box ;
The *Grapling* seized some *Auburn locks* ?
The *Gold-fish* on her interest bent,
Seized on some *Musk* and made a *Scent* ;
The *Sun-fish* seized a *Parasol* ;
The *Seal* a box of *Wafers* stole ;
The *Ale-wife* for her cask was low,
Secured a bottle of *Noyau* ;
A *Cologne* bottle pleased the *Smell* ;
The *Porpoise* fat about to melt,
Sported a *Fan* ; a sulky *Pout*
Applied *Rose Ointment* to his snout ;
The *Swell-fish* finding it afloat,
Put on a large *Hoop'd petticoat* ;
The *Lobster* found some *Pic-nic mits*
For his red claws no bad mis-fits :
In fine, the fish around that shore
Beat all that fish e'er did before ;
And if you do n't believe it with
My word for 't—Go ask Dr. Smith.

affectionate wife, and punish the murderous husband? He did both. He so ordered it that the wife's affection for the guilty wretch should save her, while he was taken in his own net.

The wife saw a fly fall in her husband's cup. She took it to herself, and put her cup—the poisoned cup, in its place. The man returned and drank his tea without mistrusting the change, but soon felt the effects of the poison.

"Did you change the cups of tea?" said he in alarm.

"Yes, my dear," she replied, "a fly got into yours."

"Then I am a dead man," said he, and he confessed his awful guilt to his wondering wife—acknowledged that God had punished him justly, and soon after died in dreadful agony.

Reader, never devise evil, even in secret, for God knows how to punish you for it.

[*Sabbath School Monitor.*]

THE FLY AND THE POISONED TEA.

It is delightful to think that a God of infinite wisdom governs the world and directs all events,—great and small. Let us learn to see God's hand in all things, and then we shall *feel* as well as say: "It is all for the best." They are the wicked who regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operation of his hands.

Look at the flies around your table of a summer's day. How countless their number! how quick their motion! how uncertain their flight! Now they are here; then on the other side of the room, and soon perhaps, they fly out of an open window and disappear forever. How amazing is the greatness of His providence who watches over them all! The interesting manner in which he brings great results from seeming trifles, is illustrated by the story I am going to tell you of The Fly and the Poisoned Tea.

A certain man who had an excellent wife, was so wicked as to wish to kill her. He had promised when he married her, that he would love and cherish her in sickness and in health. If he had fulfilled this promise which he made before God and men, they might have been a happy pair. But he began to indulge evil thoughts towards her. He would not be pleased with any thing she did, and at length he made up his mind to put poison in her tea. Thus a person may be led to the greatest sins, if he yields to Satan's temptations and cherishes feelings of hatred.

After she had poured out the tea one night, he contrived to put some poison into her cup while she was attending to something else. While he was waiting with emotions of guilt and fear, to see her swallow the fatal drink, and sink, death-smitten to the floor, he heard some one knock. He rose and stepped to the door to see who it was. What arm but God's could then save the

The Forget-Me-Not.

THE mother of Adelaide sat, with her first-born, lovely and affectionate daughter, upon a hillock which bordered the retired valley in which they lived. At the foot of the eminence there flowed a clear rivulet, whose banks were decorated with trembling rushes, verdure and flowers.* The mother was lost in the sweet recollection of the past. In the mean time, Adelaide descended to the bank of the stream, and gathered a bunch of the Forget-me-not, and with a sweet smile gave them to her mother and inquired, "Why is this flower called Forget-me-not?"

"You well know," replied the mother, affectionately, "what is signified by the wish, *forget mē not*—and what feelings it is intended to express. When you utter this wish, the sentiment of the heart floats in the breathing of the lips, and a sound becomes the token of your emotions; but when you present this flower, the sentiment of the heart blooms in its chalice. Do you not think that its simple form renders it beautifully appropriate as an emblem of friendship and love? It needs not fragrance, even as the pure feelings of the heart do not require many words to express them."

"But when did the delicate flower receive its lovely name?"

"Nature, my child, is like a parent to mankind. Every where she presents the beautiful to those whom she loves, and in the beautiful she presents the good and the true to those who are willing to seek and know them. But man must first cultivate goodness and truth in himself, before the emblem which nature presents can be understood."

Thereupon the mother drew forth a small miniature, and asked Adelaide whether she recognized the likeness.

"O yes," answered she, "it is my father! How beautiful! I see him smile; I hear him speak!"

"But this would not be the case," said the mother, "did we not cherish him in our hearts. Then, if the likeness were far more beautiful, we would neither see him smile nor hear him speak."

"And behold," continued the mother, "the beautiful flower grows and blooms upon the banks of the clear rivulet that flows through our valley. Thus, love dwells only in pure and ingenuous hearts, and it beautifies and ennobles life, just as the flowers adorn the stream upon whose mirror-like surface their loveliness is reflected. As it flows along, does it not appear as if it were crowned with flowers, and as if small stars shining in the firmament were radiating its waters? Thus love elevates the heart; and for this reason it is so still and peaceful in our dwelling—love abides there. And now, Adelaide, look at the beautiful color of this unpretending flower! It is the color of Heaven. So is love a heavenly plant; it springs from celestial seed and bears celestial blossoms."

Having thus spoken, the mother, with an affectionate smile, presented one of the flowers to her daughter, and said; "Adelaide, my beloved child, *forget me not!*"

But Adelaide threw herself into her mother's arms; a bright tear of joy shone trembling in her eye, as she replied: "I do not need the flower, dear mother—nor the emblem; I cherish the feeling itself."

C. A. S.

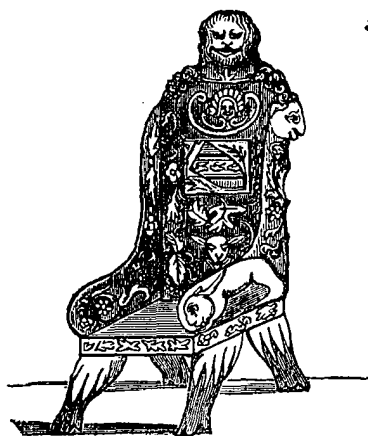
SAGACITY OF A CAT.

*Every Youth's Gazette, A Semi - Monthly Journal Devoted to the Amusement, Instruction, and Moral ...*Jan 22, 1842; 1
American Periodicals
pg. 9

probably saved the premises from being robbed.—
[English paper.

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SAGACITY OF A CAT.-It was only a few evenings ago that one of our worthy neighbors, who keeps a shop in Little Underbank, was much surprised at the conduct of his cat. He was standing in his shop, when pussy put her paw on his trousers, and endeavored to pull him toward the cellar, leading out of the shop. He took no notice at first, but this she repeated three times; and in order to see what could be the cause of her thus troubling him, he took her in his arms and carried her into the cellar, where he kept a large quantity of leather. Pussy immediately sprang from him, and jumping upon a piece of leather, began to look underneath it, as if in search of something. Her master raised the leather, and he there found a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age concealed under it. On bringing the young rascal from his hiding place, he naturally asked him what he was doing there. The reply was, that he had not money to pay for a lodging, and thought he would stay there till morning. The worthy shopkeeper made him remember that a feather bed was preferable to a leather one, by inflicting summary punishment on the offender. Thus the sagacity of this famous cat most





[A series of useful Books for Children, has been just published by Tappan & Dennet. They are entitled *Grandfather's Chair*, *Famous Old People*, and *Liberty Tree*. We are permitted to make an extract from each book—and we give this week a picture of Grandfather's Chair, with its history. Our readers will find much information and amusement, if they will furnish themselves with a set of these interesting books.]

#### GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR.

Grandfather had been sitting in his old arm chair, all that pleasant afternoon, while the children were pursuing their various sports, far off or near at hand. Sometimes you would have said, "Grandfather is asleep!" but still, even when his eyes were closed, his thoughts were with the young people, playing among the flowers and shrubbery of the garden.

He heard the voice of Laurence, who had taken possession of a heap of decayed branches, which the gardener had lopped from the fruit trees, and was building a little hut for his cousin Clara and himself. He heard Clara's glad voice, too, as she weeded and watered the flower-bed which had been given her for her own. He could have counted every footstep that Charley took, as he trundled his wheelbarrow along the gravel walk. And though Grandfather was old and gray-haired, yet his heart leaped with joy, whenever little Alice came fluttering like a butterfly into the room. She had made each of the children her playmate in turn, and now made Grandfather her playmate too, and thought him the merriest of them all.

At last the children grew weary of their sports, because a summer afternoon is like a long lifetime to the young. So they came into the room together, and clustered round Grandfather's great chair. Little Alice, who was hardly five years old, took the privilege of the youngest, and climbed his knee. It was a pleasant thing to behold that fair and golden-haired child in the lap of the old man, and to think that, different as they were, the hearts of both could be gladdened with the same joys.

"Grandfather," said little Alice, laying her head back upon his arm, "I am very tired now. You must tell me a story to make me go to sleep."

"That is not what story-tellers like," answered

Grandfather, smiling. "They are better satisfied when they can keep their auditors awake."

"But here are Laurence, and Charley, and I," cried cousin Clara, who was twice as old as little Alice. "We will all three keep wide awake. And pray, Grandfather, tell us a story about this strange looking old chair."

Now the chair in which Grandfather sat, was made of oak, which had grown dark with age, but had been rubbed and polished till it shone as bright as mahogany. It was very large and heavy, and had a back that rose high above Grandfather's white head. This back was curiously carved in open work, so as to represent flowers and foliage, and other devices, which the children had often gazed at, but could never understand what they meant. On the very tiptop of the chair, over the head of Grandfather himself, was a likeness of a lion's head, which had such a savage grin, that you would almost expect to hear it growl and snarl.

The children had seen Grandfather sitting in this chair, ever since they could remember any thing. Perhaps the younger of them supposed that he and the chair had come into the world together, and that both had always been as old as they were now. At this time, however, it happened to be the fashion for ladies to adorn their drawing-rooms with the oldest and oddest chairs that could be found. It seemed to cousin Clara, that if these ladies could have seen Grandfather's old chair, they would have thought it worth all the rest together. She wondered if it were not even older than Grandfather himself, and longed to know all about its history.

"Do, Grandfather, talk to us about this chair," she repeated.

"Well, child," said Grandfather, patting Clara's cheek, "I can tell you a great many stories of my chair. Perhaps your cousin Laurence would like to hear them too. They will teach him something about the history and distinguished people of his country, which he has never read in any of his school-books."

Cousin Laurence was a boy of twelve, a bright scholar, in whom an early thoughtfulness and sensibility began to show themselves. His young fancy kindled at the idea of knowing all the adventures of this venerable chair. He looked eagerly in Grandfather's face; and even Charley, a bold, brisk, restless little fellow of nine, sat himself down on the carpet, and resolved to be quiet for at least ten minutes, should the story last so long.

Meantime, little Alice was already asleep; so Grandfather, being much pleased with such an attentive audience, began to talk about matters that had happened long ago.

But, before relating the adventures of the chair, Grandfather found it necessary to speak of the circumstances that caused the first settlement of New England. For it will soon be perceived, that the story of this remarkable chair cannot be told without telling a great deal of the history of the country.

So Grandfather talked about the Puritans, as those persons were called, who thought it sinful to practise the religious forms and ceremonies, which the Church of England had borrowed from

the Roman Catholics. These Puritans suffered so much persecution in England, that, in 1637, many of them went over to Holland, and lived ten or twelve years at Amsterdam and Leyden. But they feared that, if they continued there much longer, they should cease to be English, and should adopt all the manners, and ideas, and feelings of the Dutch. For this and other reasons, in the year 1620, they embarked on board of the ship *May flower*, and crossed the ocean to the shores of Cape Cod. There they made a settlement and called it Plymouth, which, though now a part of Massachusetts, was for a long time a colony by itself. And thus was formed the earliest settlement of the Puritans in America.

Meantime, those of the Puritans who remained in England, continued to suffer grievous persecution on account of their religious opinions. They began to look around them for some spot where they might worship God, not as the king and bishops thought fit, but according to the dictates of their own consciences. When their brethren had gone from Holland to America, they bethought themselves that they likewise might find refuge from persecution there. Several gentlemen among them purchased a tract of country on the coast of Massachusetts Bay, and obtained a charter from King Charles which authorized them to make laws for the settlers. In the year 1623, they sent over a few people, with John Endicott at their head, to commence a plantation at Salem. Peter Palfrey, Roger Conant, and one or two more, had built houses there in 1626, and may be considered as the first settlers of that ancient town. Many other Puritans prepared to follow Endicott.

"And now we come to the chair, my dear children," said Grandfather. "This chair is supposed to have been made of an oak tree, which grew in the park of the English earl of Lincoln, between two and three centuries ago. In its younger days, it used probably to stand in the hall of the earl's castle. Do not you see the coat of arms of the family of Lincoln, carved in the open work of the back? But when his daughter, the Lady Arbella, was married to a certain Mr. Johnson, the earl gave her this valuable chair."

"Who was Mr. Johnson?" inquired Clara.

"He was a gentleman of great wealth, who agreed with the Puritans in their religious opinions," answered Grandfather. "And as his belief was the same as theirs, he resolved that he would live and die with them. Accordingly, in the month of April, 1630, he left his pleasant abode, and all his comforts in England, and embarked with the *Lady Arbella*, on board of a ship bound for America."

As Grandfather was frequently impeded by the questions and observations of his young auditors, we deem it advisable to omit all such prattle as is not essential to the story. We have taken some pains to find out exactly what Grandfather said, and here offer to our readers, as nearly as possible, in his own words, the story of

#### THE LADY ARBELLA.

The ship in which Mr. Johnson and his lady embarked, taking Grandfather's chair along with

them, was called the Arbella, in honor of the lady herself. A fleet of ten or twelve vessels, with many hundred passengers, left England about the same time; for a multitude of people, who were discontented with the king's government and oppressed by the bishops, were flocking over to the new world. One of the vessels in the fleet was that same Mayflower, which had carried the Puritan pilgrims to Plymouth. And now, my children, I would have you fancy yourselves in the cabin of the good ship Arbella; because, if you could behold the passengers aboard that vessel, you would feel what a blessing and honor it was for New England to have such settlers. They were the best men and women of their day.

Among the passengers was John Winthrop, who had sold the estate of his forefathers, and was going to prepare a new home for his wife and children, in the wilderness. He had the king's charter in his keeping, and was appointed the first Governor of Massachusetts. Imagine him a person of grave and benevolent aspect, dressed in a black velvet suit, with a broad ruff around his neck, and a peaked beard upon his chin. There was likewise a minister of the gospel, whom the English bishops had forbidden to preach, but who knew that he should have liberty both to preach and pray, in the forests of America. He wore a black cloak, called a Geneva cloak, and had a black velvet cap fitting close to his head, as was the fashion of almost all the Puritan clergymen. In their company came Sir Richard Saltonstall, who had been one of the five first projectors of the new colony. He soon returned to his native country. But his descendants still remain in New England; and the good old family name is as much respected in our days, as it was in those of Sir Richard.

Not only these, but several other men of wealth, and pious ministers, were in the cabin of the Arbella. One had banished himself forever from the old hall, where his ancestors had lived for hundreds of years. Another had left his quiet parsonage, in a country-town of England. Others had come from the universities of Oxford or Cambridge, where they had gained great fame for their learning. And here they all were, tossing upon the uncertain and dangerous sea, and bound for a home that was more dangerous than even the sea itself. In the cabin, likewise, sat the Lady Arbella in her chair, with a gentle and sweet expression on her face, but looking too pale and feeble to endure the hardships of the wilderness.

Every morning and evening, the Lady Arbella gave up her great chair to one of the ministers, who took his place in it and read passages from the Bible to his companions. And thus, with prayers and pious conversation, and frequent singing of hymns, which the breezes caught from their lips and scattered far over the desolate waves, they prosecuted their voyage, and sailed into the harbor of Salem in the month of June.

At that period, there were but six or eight dwellings in the town, and these were miserable hovels, with roofs of straw and wooden chimneys. The passengers in the fleet either built huts with bark and branches of trees, or erected tents of cloth, till they could provide themselves with better shelter. Many of them went to form a settlement at Charlestown. It was thought fit that the Lady Arbella should tarry in Salem for a time; she was probably received as a guest into the family of John Endicott. He was the chief person in the plantation, and had the only comfortable house which the new comers had beheld since they left England. So now, children, you must imagine Grandfather's chair, in the midst of a new scene.

Suppose it a hot summer's day, and the lattice-windows of a chamber in Mr. Endicott's house thrown wide open. The Lady Arbella, looking paler than she did on shipboard, is sitting in her chair, and thinking mournfully of far-

off England. She rises and goes to the window. There, amid patches of garden ground and corn-field, she sees the few wretched hovels of the settlers, with the still ruder wigwams and cloth tents of the passengers who had arrived in the same fleet with herself. Far and near stretches the dismal forest of pine trees, which throw their black shadows over the whole land, and likewise over the heart of this poor lady.

All the inhabitants of the little village are busy. One is clearing a spot on the verge of the forest for his homestead; another is hewing the trunk of a fallen pine tree in order to build himself a dwelling; a third is hoeing in his field of Indian corn. Here comes a huntsman out of the woods, dragging a bear which he has shot, and shouting to the neighbors to lend him a hand. There goes a man to the sea-shore, with a spade and a bucket, to dig a mess of clams, which were a principal article of food with the first settlers. Scattered here and there, are two or three dusky figures, clad in mantles of fur with ornaments of bone hanging from their ears, and the feathers of wild birds in their coal black hair. They have belts of shell work slung across their shoulders, and are armed with bows and arrows, and flint-headed spears. These are an Indian Sagamore and his attendants, who have come to gaze at the labors of the white men. And now rises a cry, that a pack of wolves have seized a young calf in the pasture; and every man snatches up his gun or pike and runs in chase of the marauding beasts.

Poor Lady Arbella watches all these sights, and feels that this new world is fit only for rough and hardy people. None should be here but those who can struggle with wild beasts and wild men, and can toil in the heat or cold, and can keep their hearts firm against all difficulties and dangers. But she is not one of these. Her gentle and timid spirit sinks within her; and turning away from the window she sits down in the great chair, and wonders whereabouts in the wilderness her friends will dig her grave.

Mr. Johnson had gone, with Governor Winthrop and most of the other passengers to Boston, where he intended to build a house for Lady Arbella and himself. Boston was then covered with wild woods, and had fewer inhabitants even than Salem. During her husband's absence, poor Lady Arbella felt herself growing ill, and was hardly able to stir from the great chair. Whenever John Endicott noticed her despondency, he doubtless addressed her with words of comfort. "Cheer up, my good lady!" he would say. "In a little time, you will love this rude life of the wilderness as I do." But Endicott's heart was as bold and resolute as iron, and he could not understand why a woman's heart should not be of iron too.

Still, however, he spoke kindly to the lady, and then hastened forth to till his corn-field and set out fruit trees, or to bargain with the Indians for furs, or perchance to oversee the building of a fort. Also, being a magistrate, he had often to punish some idler or evil-doer, by ordering him to be set in the stocks or scourged at the whipping-post. Often, too, as was the custom of the times, he and Mr. Higginson, the minister of Salem, held long religious talks together. Thus John Endicott was a man of multifarious business, and had no time to look back regretfully to his native land. He felt himself fit for the new world, and for the work that he had to do, and set himself resolutely to accomplish it.

What a contrast, my dear children, between this bold, rough, active man, and the gentle Lady Arbella, who was fading away, like a pale English flower, in the shadow of the forest! And now the great chair was often empty, because Lady Arbella grew too weak to arise from bed.

Meantime, her husband had pitched upon a spot for their new home. He returned from Boston to Salem, travelling through the woods on

foot, and leaning on his pilgrim's staff. His heart yearned within him; for he was eager to tell his wife of the new home which he had chosen. But when he beheld her pale and hollow cheek, and found how her strength was wasted, he must have known that her appointed home was in a better land. Happy for him then,—happy both for him and her,—if they remembered that there was a path to heaven, as well from this heathen wilderness as from the Christian land whence they had come. And so, in one short month from her arrival, the gentle Lady Arbella faded away and died. They dug a grave for her in the new soil, where the roots of the pine trees impeded their spades; and when her bones had rested there nearly two hundred years, and a city had sprung up around them, a church of stone was built upon the spot.

## THE NURSERY.

*Written for the Youth's Companion.*

### THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WISHED THAT HER FATHER WAS RICH.

Susan Kimball was a sweet little girl between five and six years of age. She had a sister about two years older than herself whose name was Ellen. She had also a little brother and sister younger than herself whose names were Charles and Elizabeth. Susan's father was not rich. He was obliged to earn his bread by the labor of his hands, yet he was by no means an unhappy man. He enjoyed the good things of this life which God had given him with a grateful heart, and he wished to make all about him as happy as himself.

One day as Susan and her sister Ellen were at play together in the corner of the room, making seats for their dolls and arranging acorn-shells and pebbles and bits of broken earthen, which they called cups and saucers, plates, &c. Susan said to Ellen, "I wish father was rich, then we could have as many toys as Mary Braman. She doesn't have such *made up* dolls as *these*, and her cups and saucers are *real* ones. And then she has carriages for her dolls, and little villages, and little birds that chirp, and a great many other things besides. Mother says father hasn't so much money as Mr. Braman and can't afford to buy us such things. Oh how I do wish father was rich!"

Just as this exclamation escaped her lips, her father entered the room, and was about to pass through without speaking, but perceiving she saw him, and was hiding her face in her lap, he went to her and taking her on his knee, said to her very kindly, "And why does my daughter wish her father was rich? Does she think it would make him happier?"

"No," said Susan, "I was only wishing I had some toys like Mary Braman's."

"And would they make you happy," inquired her father.

"I think so," said Susan.

"I am quite certain they would not," replied her father, "they would soon be soiled or broken, and then they could not easily be replaced. Your toys you can exchange for new as often as you please. God has not seen fit to give your father a great deal of money, but he has given him enough to make us all comfortable and happy if we make a right use of it."

"I can tell you a story," continued Mr. Kimball: "I knew a man once, a very poor man, so poor that he could hardly obtain the necessities of life for his family, yet if he happened to have any money in his pocket, he could not bear to pass a toy-shop, but must go in and buy something for his children. Sometimes he would go to the confectionary and get them some sweetmeats. Do you think he loved his children better than your father does?"

"No," said Susan.

"I should think," said Ellen, "he did not love them at all, for mother says, parents who love their children wish to do the best they can for them."

"The mother of these little children," said Mr. K. "used to feel very sad when their father came home with toys in his pockets; the tears would sometimes come in her eyes. She said it was *cruel* to her little children. It was

"Like giving them ruffles when wanting a shirt."

"Did he drink rum like Mr. Kelly," said little Charles, who had till now been so busily engaged with his blocks building a meetinghouse that he had not noticed the conversation that was going on.

"No, my dear," said his father, "*he thought more of pleasing them with toys than of getting them comfortable clothing.*"

"Didn't he think they would be pleased with some new clothes," enquired Susan.

"I wish I could see all the toys he bought," said Ellen.

"I have been thinking lately," said Mr. K. "of sending some money to Mr. Willis, and asking him to send you the Youth's Companion—the little paper which your cousin Emeline lends you sometimes—but perhaps you think it would be a better way to take the money and buy toys with it. You can go to your play now, and tell me bye and bye what you think about it."

But before they returned to their plays, they ran away to their mother, saying, "Oh, mother, we are going to have the Youth's Companion for our paper. Father is going to send some money for it, and it will come with our names on it. Will you not make us a paper box like Emeline's to lay them in *smooth*, when we have done reading them, so that they may not get torn where they were folded?"

"Yes," said their mother.

And now, my little readers, how do you like this story. Perhaps some of you, like Susan Kimball, have sometimes wished your father was able to get such things for you as some of your little acquaintance have. This is not right. If God has not "seen fit to give your father a great deal of money," do not complain. He knows what is best. The Bible says, "Be content with such things as ye have." Be thankful if you have a father and mother like little Susan who "wish to do the best they can for their children."

I. G. A.

## THE MOON AND THE RIVER.

Every Youth's Gazette, A Semi - Monthly Journal Devoted to the Amusement, Instruction, and Moral ...Jan 22, 1842; 1, 1  
American Periodicals  
pg. 6

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**MORAL.** If we have wealth, or talents, or any other great gifts, let us remember that they are not our own, and ought not therefore, to be an occasion of pride. Whatsoever we have, is loaned to us, for a season, by our Heavenly Father, and is intended for some good use ; not for ostentatious display.

### THE MOON AND THE RIVER.

It was a bright and beautiful evening. The moon shone full upon the Hudson River. The river was so lovely and so still, one could almost imagine it felt happy ; and as the moon-beams flickered, now here, now there, over its gently-moving waters, imagination likened it to a sleeping babe, nestling on its mother's arm, and dreaming of her smile, until an answering laugh appeared and disappeared on its own cherub mouth.

The moon looked down upon the quiet beauty of the river, and spoke thus disdainfully. " You glitter prodigiously, to-night, my dear friend. If I were not quite too important a personage to be jealous, I should think you meant to outshine me. In good truth, you look up in my face with such a silly, self-satisfied air, I cannot forbear telling you, that all the light you seem to be so proud of, is borrowed entirely from me. If I draw my silver veil of clouds over my clear brow, for one moment, what mortal can see your boasted splendor !"

The river, nothing daunted, answered, in a low melodious tone, " I am not vain of my brightness, fair planet ; for I well know it is not my own. But, with all due humility allow me to remind your majesty, that you, too, shine with *borrowed* splendor. If the sun refused to gild your darkness, where would you find a ray to bestow upon me ? Since, then, we are both reflecting things, let us remember that boasting is equally unbecoming to us. If much is given us from the dazzling source of light and heat, let us receive it with humble gladness, and impart it to others, as freely as it is bestowed upon ourselves."

*Written for the Youth's Companion.*

## ORPHAN WILLIE,

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.--Chap. VI.

Years passed on; and brought with them few vicissitudes in the history of Orphan Willie. Placed at school immediately he had become domesticated in his uncle's family, his character gradually developed itself under the forming influences of boyish association and mental discipline. The school was a large one; one of those noble public institutions, open alike to the rich and the poor, and furnishing means of education better than can any where else be obtained, which are the chief ornament of the "City of the Pilgrims."

Surrounded by crowds of companions, with whom he could sympathise in the thousand interests of boyhood, he passed with them the happiest period of his life. Among all his school-fellows, he was the favorite; for he possessed those qualities, which boys are so quick to detect, and which at their period of life, they prize above all others—bravery, unshrinking bravery, an open hand, and an open heart. The first quality, his look and manner did not at all indicate; your first impression of him, was that of a thoughtful, quiet boy, whose greatest difficulty would be to meet, and sustain himself under, the rough buffets of a rough world. But upon any sudden emergency, or when roused by insult, or a domineering spirit, as shown toward himself or his younger companions, there was a startling energy in his manner, which bore down all opposition, and awed, as well as astonished those who met it. And yet his general manner was subdued and kind, and at times almost feminine. His voice was remarkable for its sweetness; unlike that of his companions, it was low, subdued and plaintive; possessing that rare quality the tone of *persuasion*, which never fails to please the ear, and arrest attention. His companions though not conscious of the cause, always found themselves listening to him when he spoke; and "first in war, first in peace, and first in their affections," as he soon proved himself to be, they soon considered him altogether, or quite the Washington of their little community.

Soon after Willie entered the school, a novel and delightful branch of instruction was intro-

duced, which, as it had more effect than anything else in moulding his character, and giving direction to his future pursuits, will be interesting to know something of, in this connection. Music, had been from his childhood, Willie's dearest pleasure, and absorbing passion. His ear was always open to its blessed influences, sleeping or waking, happy or wretched. In his sports he heard its tones, as if it floated by on the winds: in his sleep, it haunted his dreams; and whether alone, or among the crowd of his companions, a low sweet voice seemed continually breathing in his ear, and subduing soul, sense, and feeling, to its tranquilizing influences. And this was in fact the secret of that repose of character and manner, which, in a boy of his age, was to the noisy world about him, perfectly unaccountable.

And Music was introduced among the regular studies of the school. The day was a happy one for Willie, when for the first time the sweet spirit who had been so long whispering in his ear, was brought tangibly before him; and he saw, and felt, and analyzed her delicious influences over him. A new mantle of poetry was thrown over the world, and he felt from that time, as though he had something to live for. The extraordinary progress he made in the study of the science itself, and his great success in the training and culture of his voice, surprized his instructor; who gave him every opportunity to progress in his favorite pursuit. He soon distanced all his companions, and stood unequalled both in knowledge and in skill. Of what advantage this skill proved to him in his after life, will be shown, somewhat, in the next chapter.